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# Life

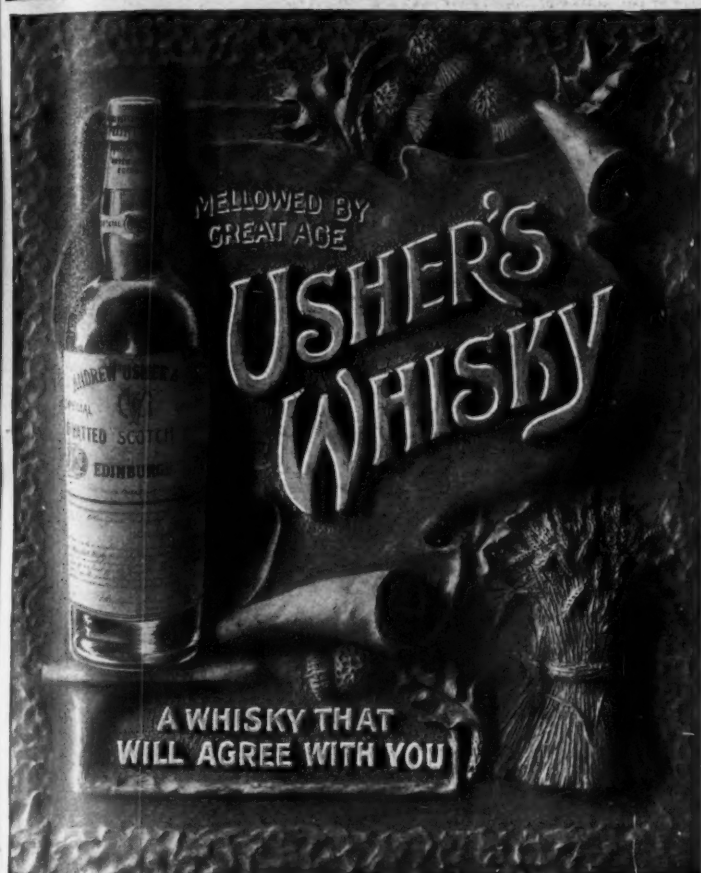
Middle

ETIQUETTE  
PROPERTY NUMBER  
OF  
THE MIDDLETOWN CLUB.  
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OR TAKEN FROM THE BUILDING.



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG





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Mark  
Means  
"Service!"

REPUBLIC TIRES wear out finally in places where other tires do not — at the rim, inside the casing, at the valves, but not on the tread. We have welded our tread so tight to the canvas that it never loosens and the only thing that it can do is to wear right down to the carcass. And that takes so long that something else gives way first. Meanwhile, you are getting mileage.

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## TO CLEAN DIAMOND RINGS.

The wife of a famous artist writes us that, in her opinion, the best way to clean diamonds is to "soak them over night in a bowlful of Ivory Soap and water. Shavings of the soap dropped into warm water are best. In the morning, rinse thoroughly with hot water, and behold! they are as bright as when received from the jewelers."

Try it!

Nowadays, pretty nearly everybody realizes that Ivory is the best—*because the purest*—of bath, toilet and fine laundry soaps.

It is more than that. Because of its purity, it is available for scores—yes, hundreds—of uses, not generally known.

The cleaning of jewelry, referred to in this advertisement, is a case in point.

**Ivory Soap . . . . 99<sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub> Per Cent. Pure.**



# LIFE



## GOOD MANNERS

AT A FORMAL DINNER GIVE YOUR PARTNER YOUR UNDIVIDED ATTENTION

### The New Slavery

I DESIRE to call attention to a kind of bondage which every husband knows, but no man has yet had the courage to combat.

Some sort of concerted movement on the part of all husbands might go far, as the reformer puts it, to remedy the evil.

A day of silent thought might be set aside, in which, by combined concentration of mind, a wave of sentiment in the right direction might sweep over every home dining-room table in the country.

The custom of which I whisper—no man would dare utter such treason aloud—is apparently the outgrowth of royal etiquette. The Persian king Artaxerxes had a good many people to wait upon him, judging from the accounts in the local Persian press at the time he was flourishing the royal sceptre. He had a

specialist for every want. He had a napkin groom, a meat handler, an entrée carrier and a dessert dispenser. Indeed, for every dish, and for every wish, he had a particular person to wait on him. Now this custom of Artaxerxes was handed down to him from his predecessors, and he handed it down to his successors and they in their turn kept it up until it reached England, where in time every nobleman had a train of flunkies to wait on him at table. Then the thing was brought over to this country, and every man who is rich enough to afford it has ablebodied men standing around him.

Nobody desires to interfere with this inalienable right of every American citizen, who can pay for it, to be surrounded by as many flunkies as he wants. But owing to that Anglo-Saxon trait, which seems to make it imperative on us to imitate those richer than ourselves, the simple, middle class citizen, is every-

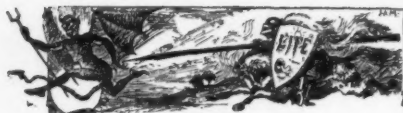
where expected by his wife to subject himself to as much inconvenience and gastronomical disturbance as possible before he can get what he is paying for and needs.

How many husbands are there, over the length and breadth of this assumedly free country, who are often waiting for a piece of bread? How many are there who, with hushed but irritated nervous systems, are trying to catch the eye of their wives, hoping that she will give the signal to have passed to them the butter, which lies on the serving-table beyond his reach, but which has to take its proper turn?

The idea of having dishes, within reach, from which one can help one's self with ease and certainty is now not good form.

Men of America, let us assert ourselves! Let us have our food on the table where we can get it as we want it.

*Chesterton Todd.*



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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17 West Thirty-first Street, New York.

NOT entirely without friction does the present administration proceed on its more or less beneficent course. The Democrats are at peace with all the world. In national politics they have nothing to fight over; no principles in particular, no responsibilities, no expectations. Having nothing to gain by fighting Democrats, the Republicans feed their natural human appetite for contention by fighting a little among themselves. Mr. Congressman Fowler lambasts the venerable Uncle Cannon with a whole arsenal of epithets and accusations; Secretary Achilles Ballinger and Chief Forrester Pinchot have it in for one another about water right reservations; Assistant Secretary of Commerce and Labor Ormsby McHarg explodes a declaration hostile to the efforts of Mr. Pinchot and abdicates his office; Secretary of Agriculture Wilson meets the embattled hosts of Pure Food Wiley on the heights of Denver and wins a round for benzoate of soda. And so it goes. There are blisters on the hands that hold the helm of State. Considerably so. But that is only natural, and they are only blisters.

*Forsan haec.* All these matters will get straightened out in time. Thanks to Mr. Pinchot, nothing can be done in the dark about the water rights, and what is done in the open will doubtless stand investigation. Benzoate of soda may lawfully be intro-

duced into food, but we need not eat the food unless we want to. If only the folks who put it in must mention it on the label (as, we believe, the pure food law requires), those of us who like it can consume it, and those of us who don't can abstain.

These disputes and retail antagonisms in the Republican party are serious only as they represent the great conflicting purposes that the party now includes. The drive at Uncle Cannon is important because it is much more than personal. It is part of the revolt of the Progressive Republicans against the control of the party by business men for their own business ends. The complaint against the high-protection element in the Republican party is almost identical with the complaint against Tammany—that it is a business organization that uses power for the enrichment of its own group, to the prejudice of the interests of the rest of the people. There is hardly anything more important for a government to consider than business ends, but its consideration of them must be as broad as the country. The Progressive Republicans and the Middle West, where most of them hail from, do not consider that Uncle Cannon and Mr. Aldrich and their crowd are sufficiently broad in their consideration of business ends, and they propose to widen them, even though it bursts the hoops off of the party.



FORTH fares President Taft into the West and all around the national parish to see the people, and see what he can do to keep the hoops on the Republican party. He is as good a man for that work as one can think of! If he can't hold the Republicans together, who could? It is going to be very hard to keep the Progressive Republicans and the High-Tariff - for - Our - Clients Republicans harmonious under the same tent. Their political intentions are absolutely antagonistic. The wrangle between them is to determine which group shall carry with it the great body of Republican voters. If the

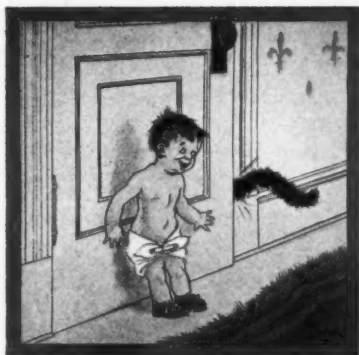
Progressives cannot wrest the leadership away from Aldrich and Cannon they will get out. Otherwise Aldrich and Cannon will have to get out, and that, we suppose, is what will happen. The high tariff crowd won four-fifths of the late battle over tariff revision. Aldrich and Cannon got for their clients most of what they wanted. The Progressives, for the most part, were licked. And yet the sentiment is pretty general that high protection for favored interests and taxation of the many for the benefit of the few has come to the turn in the road and must take the back track. Mr. Taft knows that and will doubtless disclose his knowledge in the course of his Southern and Western pilgrimage. It is going to be interesting to read what he says. Ideas take clear shape in his mind, and we don't think he will disguise them much in his utterances.



AEROPLANE tests and competitions continue to take up a large share of space in the papers. The next great man-flight show is billed to take place here, and we shall be glad to see it. It may do good, in one particular, by diverting interest from automobile races, which, as lately held in various places, have been calamitously destructive to life and limb. The sooner we get all the speed enthusiasts cavorting in the sky the better for them and for the public nerves and the public safety. Man flight is a momentous innovation, charged with no one knows what effects upon civilization. It is worth risking one's neck over, and the men who, as prudently as may be, take chances in it have the sympathy of thoughtful minds in any accident that happens to them. We think of them as pioneers in great discovery and applaud their cautious fortitude. About the chaps who break their necks in automobile smash-ups we don't feel so at all, holding that the chances they take are mere chances of sport, and very remotely associated with scientific progress. Inasmuch as they are courageous persons, and since it is a pity that daring should be wasted, the sooner their flights go skyward the better.



# Etiquette for Children



Never leave a cat alone with a baby. It is dangerous—for the cat.



A child should never be kissed on the mouth—the forehead is usually less sticky.



If it is necessary to punish a child, the best plan is to remove all obstacles and get at the seat of the trouble.



To make a child stop crying when all else fails—remove clothing and extract safety pin.



Young children should not be allowed access to the water cooler—they are apt to get their feet wet.



Never get up at night when baby cries—it is better simply to *stay up*.



To prepare a child's bath: Fill tub with warm water, undress child, place soap and towels within reach, and call in the neighbors.



To keep a female child from fretting, nothing is more effective than a pearl necklace or a diamond sunburst.



When a child is learning to walk—lock up your valuables.



## Our Fresh Air Fund

Previously acknowledged,	\$6,158.58
"H. M. S. Proceeds sale of hat".....	5.00
Bobby B.....	13.00
"The Farm".....	6.00
	\$6,182.58

ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS.  
A most welcome box of  
clothing from Mrs. Frederick  
E. Lewis.

## POSTALS FROM LIFE'S FARM.

Dear Mother  
We got here saved and we  
are very happy. Dear Mother  
do not worry because we have  
a very good time in Connecti-  
cut having no mor to say yours  
truly M. & T.

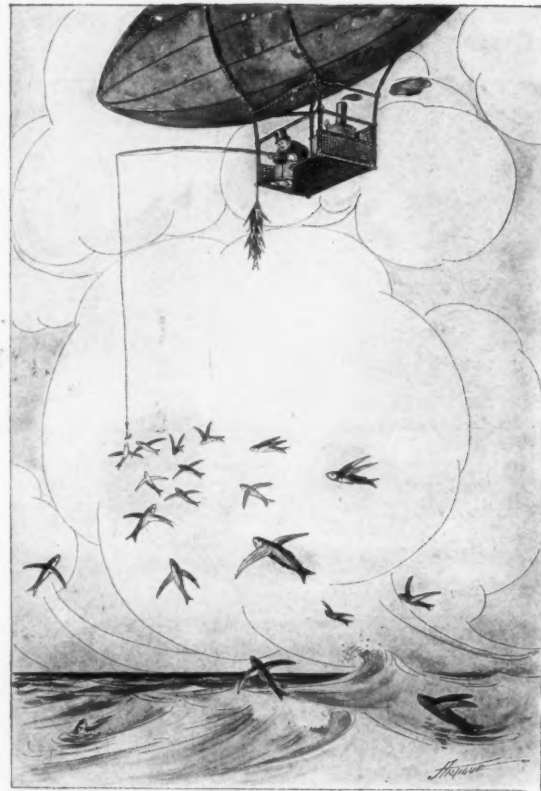
Dear mother:  
We got up here all right and  
we are having a good time out  
hear and we have good eating  
and good times. We got up  
here about 3.30.  
From Giles and Matha.

## Kipling and Wells

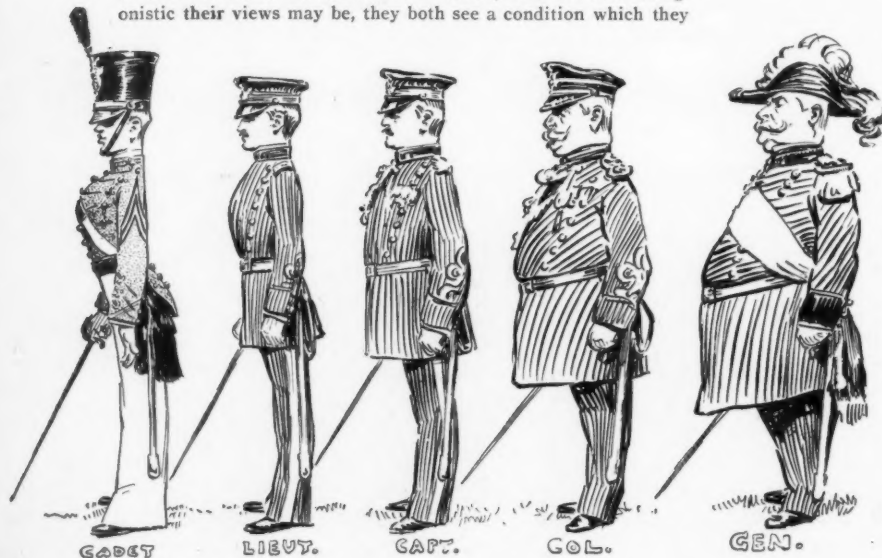
WHEN Bleriot sailed his aeroplane across the Channel last month the London *Daily Mail* got, and printed, the views and reflections of H. G. Wells on that feat. Extracts from Mr. Wells' discourse were cabled to our papers, and there was various comment on them. The whole piece, as reprinted here later, is a very lively, thoughtful and stimulating fulmination, declaring that there is a deficiency of inspiration in the British social system; that the English have let themselves go easy and grow stupid; that they are hopelessly behind hand not only in aeronautics, but in mechanical knowledge and invention, and the foreigner is ahead.

Wells and Kipling are on the same job, the job of prodding their countrymen up to a level of higher mental activity. They both grumble fiercely at the sluggishness of the contemporary Briton and the propensity that they find in him to bestow his mind and muscles upon matters of no account—sports and formalities and self-indulgences—while the great world of intellect and vigor is racing by them. But Kipling, as we see it, is looking backward and deploring the decay of authority and the old system, and Wells is looking forward and reaching out for new inspirations and a new order that shall revitalize the British mass.

Heaven knows what sort of politics Kipling professes! But he seems to be a kind of revolutionizing Tory, and Wells is a kind of Socialist. Whatever their views, and however antagonistic their views may be, they both see a condition which they



A SPORT OF THE FUTURE  
ALL ON THE FLY



A CHANGE OF MILITARY FRONT

don't like, and are both urgent to do what they can to better it. Kipling works with parables and screeds of verse; Wells with novels and newspaper articles; and both cry with a loud voice and presumably to a big audience. That Kipling is, apparently, against the present government, and that Wells is, apparently, in sympathy with it, doesn't much matter; in the general work of agitation they supplement one another just as effectively for all of that. But we would like to hear them discuss one with another the present state of England, and the way out.

## Maiden Modesty

"O H, Mum! Please don't be after havin' Mister Latham's keyhole stopped up. Him bein' so deaf, it's the only way I'm havin' to tell whether he's undressed before I go into his room."

AN offended relative is the devil's playmate.



THE BENCH SHOW

## Recent Changes in Etiquette

BY FRANCIS W. CROWNINSHIELD



Mr. Morgan, for example, probably spends a little less energy in financing a railway system than hosts of our women spend, every day in their lives, in polishing their nails; in "doing" their hair; in ad-

LET nobody believe that it is the men alone who toil in America. Their energy—in banks, mines, offices and factories—is not a whit more frenzied than that with which our women pursue what they are pleased to call their social "duties." The women seem, indeed, to carry over into the evening the spirit of struggle that has, like a fever, possessed the men by day. Throughout the country—and particularly in the cities and suburbs—thousands of weary and footsore ladies are even, as we write, fainting with the furious pace of society.

justing their marvelous hats, rats and spats; in tugging at their gloves and veils—to say nothing of their heart-rending contortions in hooking their gauzy and gossamer gowns.

Could we rightly and nicely estimate human effort we should find, we think, that among American women the physical weariness and nervous exhaustion due to bridge alone is greater than that traceable to all our sweat-shops. Or, again, what man among us would—rather than cook a dinner or "mind" a baby—suffer the intolerable spirit-blight of a *musicale*, a charity bazaar, a fitting, a *conférence* or an afternoon tea?

The social clip set by the ladies all over America has become so extremely hot that many musty old rules of deportment have of late become more honored in the breach than in the observance. It is, for instance, no longer deemed necessary for men to pay so-called "dinner calls," as the world has at last come to realize that it is, in sober truth, the dinner-out who bestows the benefit and *not* the lady who gives the dinner. Indeed, we believe that it will soon become obligatory for the hostess to call on her masculine dinner guests and thank them cordially for having troubled to dress, hire a cab, chat all through the repast to a jeweled but absolute stranger, eat rich pâtés, drink sweet champagne and re-

main preternaturally affable and polite for such an apparently interminable period of time.

In connection with week-end visits, too, there has recently been a marked change in social procedure. It was—up to a few years ago—deemed *comme il faut* for male visitors to write their hostess a “bread and butter” letter; but now that desirable and house-broken bachelors have grown so alarmingly gunshy and the competition in fashionable week-ends has become so relentless and exterminating the weary hostess can hardly expect to receive any such missives. Indeed it should devolve upon her to write a note to all her guests, just after their departure, thanking them



If you feel like laughing at Pu We  
You should use a fan to mask it;  
For if you are caught with the goods  
They'll put your laugh in a basket.



Willie Porcupine: GOOD MORNING, PROFESSOR! MY FRIEND AND I HAVE JUST DROPPED IN TO GET OUR BACKS MASSAGED.

cordially for having condescended to visit her. It is *de rigueur* that such letters should be scrupulously polite in tone, no matter what diabolical outrages her guests may have committed during their stay under her roof.

As there is a great deal of curiosity among well-bred people concerning such nice points of deportment as these, we are glad to be in a position to quote a model letter of this kind—a letter from no less rich and fashionable a lady than Mrs. Madison Park, dated at Westbury,

Long Island, and addressed to that popular young bachelor, Mr. Lexington Lenox, at the Union Club in New York:

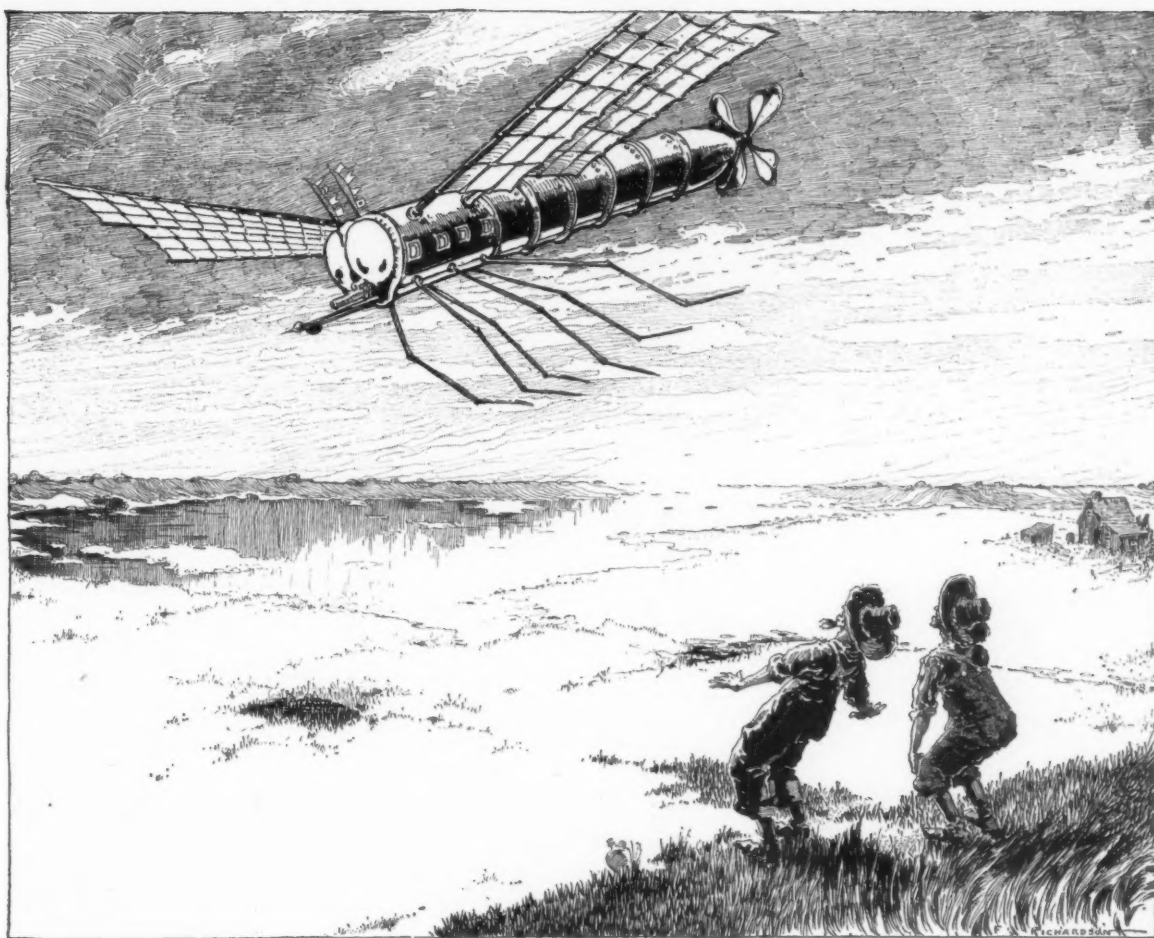
*My dear Mr. Lenox:*

You were exceedingly gracious to run down in our car and pay us that all too fleeting visit. Madison and I can only implore you again to ask yourself down and, anticipating such a delightful surprise, I beg leave to enclose two return tickets to Westbury—one for yourself and one for your servant. (In case you cannot make use of them they can easily be converted into cash at the Thirty-fourth Street ticket office.)



THE MELTING ICEBERG





AS NEW JERSEY SEES IT

If you have quite finished with the little 40 hp. Panhard that you borrowed from us, will you be so good as to return it at your entire convenience?

My housekeeper was mortified to discover that your servant had polished your black boots on the bath towels. She is greatly afraid that he achieved but very unsatisfactory results with them. She meant to caution him to use the face towels, as their added smoothness invariably gives the boots a higher and more lasting polish.

I hear that you were a good deal disturbed, during your visit here, by poor Madison's snoring. (Oh, how I hate even to mention this inelegant failing of his!) I have had so many complaints on this score from previous visitors that I have been forced to order a portable house which I shall place on the kitchen lawn. Hereafter I shall see to it that Madison sleeps in it whenever we are entertaining a fashionable house-party.

I see, by looking at our "win and lose" book, on the smoking-room table,

that you only won fifty-six dollars from Madison at bridge and piquet. It seems hardly worth your while to come down here for so insignificant a sum. However, as Madison is a notoriously bad card player, you are pretty certain to have better luck with him next time.

You may be interested to know that the boy you ran over on our avenue—when you lost control of the 40 hp.—is a trifle better to-day. He has regained consciousness and the doctors seem to think that he may live. He is the son of our under-gardener. I have never known him to forget himself, and so far presume, as to walk on the avenue before. Pray, forgive him! I trust that the little *contretemps* did not greatly delay your arrival at your club.

Once more thanking you for the chivalrous spirit that prompted you to visit us and respectfully soliciting a recurrence of the same, I am, my dear Mr. Lenox,

Your obliged and grateful,

IONA PARK.

P. S. Someone has left a valet here! Is it yours? He is tall and thin; apparently English and unquestionably intoxicated. He answers to the name of Snellgrove. Shall I consign him to you at your rooms—when he comes out of his delirium—or shall I keep him on until you float down here again? Please let me know your wishes in the matter.

#### Her Point of View

"DON'T you like that quotation from Shakespeare: 'The friends thou hast and their adoption tried, grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel'?" he asked, soulfully.

"I think hoops of gold would be better," said the summer girl, shyly.

THE theory of the tariff is to tax necessities because we need the money, and luxuries because they are luxuries.

## Deportmental Ditties

BY HARRY GRAHAM

### Dancing

WHEN the parquet has been polished, and all furniture abolished,  
And the band has made a serviceable start;  
When your programme is selected and your efforts are directed  
To indulgence in the Saltatory Art;  
When your fellow-dancers eye you, as they sail serenely by you,  
With a scornful, supercilious sort of glance,  
There is nothing half so rotten as to find you have forgotten  
How to dance.

See your sisters and your brothers (not to mention hosts of others)  
How they leap and caracole and pirouet;  
While your partner you disgruntle by a style that's contrapuntal,  
Till the poor girl feels in ev'ry way upset.  
Uncle George grows apoplectic, Uncle John seems somewhat hectic,  
But you gaze at them with envy as you note  
With what ease each stout relation gives his lifelike imitation  
Of a goat.

There are many kinds of dances, from that favorite of France's  
Which some people call a "valse" and others "waltz"—  
Though the French, in doubtful taste, dance both the can-can  
and the—*waist-dance*,  
These are vulgar and have many other faults—  
To the saraband of Prussia, and the rigadon of Russia,  
Which demand the greatest energy and zeal,—  
From that not-to-be-ignored dance which the Scottish term a  
"Sword-dance"

To a reel.

When our Grandmamma went dancing, her behavior was entrancing;  
Such decorum, so much grace, were rarely seen!  
And her too impatient lover was compelled, alas! to hover  
On the outskirts of her spacious crinoline.  
While demurely minuetting, in a staid and sober setting,  
She religiously maintained her self-respect;  
When she plied the "light fantastic," ev'ry pose, however plastic,

Was correct.

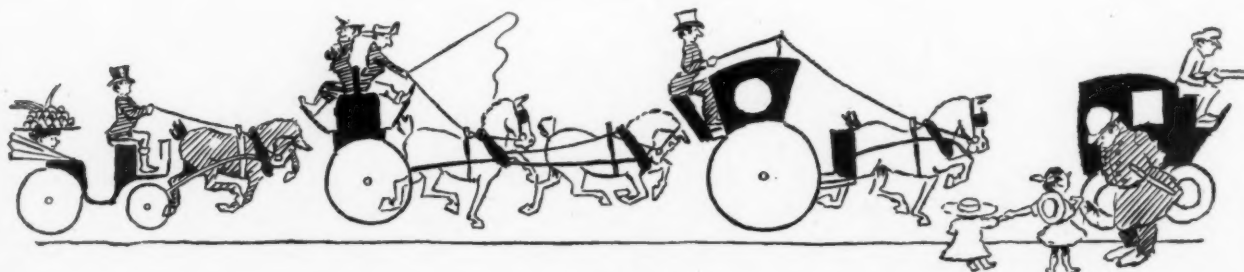


APOLLO AND DAPHNE  
(MODERN VERSION)

### The Better Way

FIRST BOSTON CHILD: Do you believe in corporal punishment?

SECOND BOSTON CHILD: No; I can usually make my parents do what I wish by moral suasion.



ANY DAY ON

What a pleasing variation from the present generation,  
To whom dancing is a mere athletic sport,  
Which, if people toil a lot at, they can get extremely hot at,  
Just a form of taking exercise, in short!  
Men, inspired by flute and fiddle, grasp their partners round  
the middle  
And revolve till they can scarcely stand upright,  
While their cousins and their sisters dance their little feet to  
blisters,

Ev'ry night.

When the youthful Spanish hero is performing a *bolero*,  
His vagaries fill the bashful with surprise,  
And when coons among the mangoes try to execute fandangoes,  
Prudes and pedants sometimes turn away their eyes;  
But when Anglo-Saxon dancers once "get going" in *The  
Lancers*,  
Things proceed at such a very rapid rate  
That the antics of Salomé seem quite commonplace, quite  
home-y

And sedate.

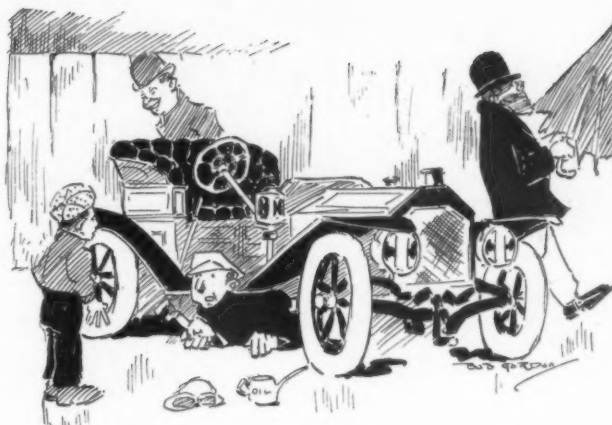
When some poor old foggy flounders, 'mid a scrum of youthful  
bounders,  
Who wake the sleeping chap'rons with their shouts,  
Other vet'rans cease competing, as they realize retreating,  
Why such parties may be sometimes known as "routs."  
Wives and daughters join with vigor in the cakewalks of the  
nigger,  
In a "barn-dance," or in "two-steps," or "Strathspeys,"  
And though skirts be torn to tatters, no one cares, for nothing  
matters,

Nowadays.

MORAL.

Now the moral of my story (which I dwell on *con amore*),  
Is that dancing is no mere gymnastic game;  
While for anyone desiring either romping or perspiring,  
There are numerous pursuits that I could name.  
And the youth who yells and hollers and is forced to change  
his collars,  
Should not ever be permitted to take part  
In the dance which (for the last time, let me say) is not a  
pastime,

But an Art.



Small Boy: "IT'S STOPPED RAINING, MISTER"

## The Echo

HAVING called the Grocer, the Butcher, the Tailor, the Coalman, the Iceman, the Shoeman, the Milkman, the Landlord, the Dressmaker, the Hatter, the Glover and all the other tradesmen into extraordinary session, we say:

"Now that the tariff has been revised, you doubtless are prepared to give out some information as to how much of a reduction will happen in the cost of living."

Immediately there arises a hoarse and raucous laugh, which seems an echo of the cachinnations and chortles which Congress gave to the plea of the Ultimate Consumer.

## Table Talk

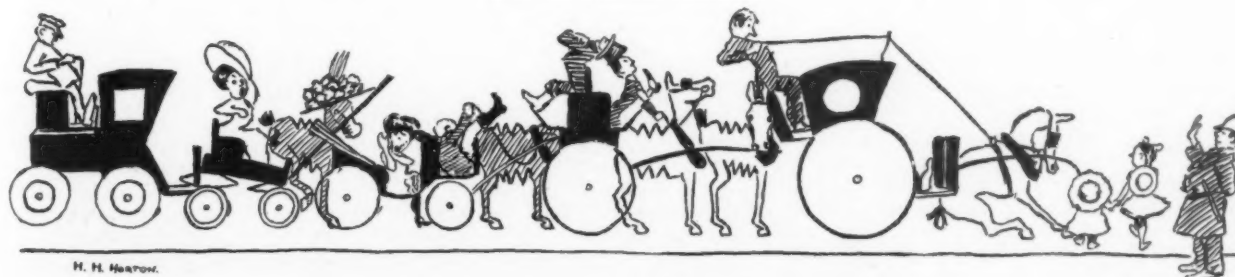
"EVERYONE knows that a college education is a sheer waste of time," asserted the bachelor of fifty, swallowing the sixth little neck clam, and turning to the girl on his right. "Three or four of the best years of his life are simply thrown away. He studies as little as the rules of the college will permit, and acquires a lot of expensive and often unwholesome habits."

"M-m. That is true," answered the girl on his right.

"And yet it is generally conceded that a young man cannot spend three years or so to better advantage than as a college undergraduate. He develops brain and body, and learns how to work, how to play and how to keep healthy."

"M-m. That is true," answered the girl on his right.

Sighing profoundly, the bachelor of fifty attacked the purée of green peas.



H. H. MURPHY.

FIFTH AVENUE





### Improving the American People by Cross-Breeding. New Dramatic Offerings



ANOTHER new theatre—the Comedy—is added to New York's rapidly increasing list, and is opened by "The Melting Pot," which comes to New York with a Chicago endorsement and the authority lent by the name of Mr. Israel Zangwill as author. Mr. Zangwill's theme is that the United States is a crucible in which are to be fused all the races and nationalities of the world into one glorious people. This metaphor is advanced and repeated and reiterated to the point of tiresomeness. It is, as was to be expected from Mr. Zangwill, a special plea for the Jew, who is to become, under the theory the author advances, mixed with and a component part of the American race of the future. Mr. Zangwill evidently forgets that in the melting pot which he uses for his title and metaphor there is sometimes introduced a metal which refuses to mix with and become part in the process of fusing with the other more tractable elements. Of all the racial factors which go to make up our people, the Jewish race is the only one which insists on remaining a nation within a nation, and puts its ban on the intermarriages which alone could lead to complete amalgamation.

As a play "The Melting Pot" has the intellectual tone also to be expected from Mr. Zangwill. It also has really poetic touches. In its attempts at humor it is less successful. In dramatic construction it is faulty, as are so many of the contemporary plays which seek to teach or preach something. Between advancing the melting pot theory and picturing the horrors of the Jewish massacres in Russia the love story gets lost at times. It ends, however, in a way popular with Jewish authors, with the Gentile heroine trying to persuade the Jewish hero to marry her, with the presumption that she is finally successful.

The play brings back to New York, after a long absence, that excellent actor, Mr. Walker Whiteside. The surprise his *Hamlet* gave New York almost a score of years ago will be recalled by some theatregoers, and meanwhile he seems to have lost none of the boyish charm that characterized that performance. It fits admirably the part of the young Jewish immigrant who finds in the freedom of America the realization of the ideal of his poetic nature. Chrystal Herne also comes back to us still charming, and maturing out of the awkwardness that blemished some of her earlier performances. Mr. John Blair gives a curious but not entirely incredible character sketch of a Russian gentleman, and Mr. Henry Vogel a vastly amusing impersonation of a German orchestra leader.

"The Melting Pot" is a problem play in the better use of the term, and is seriously interesting, although it proves nothing. In brief Mr. Zangwill's message is that if his people will not join his Zionistic movement and become a nation, they should amalgamate completely with the Americans.



"HELP FROM ABOVE"

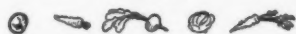


R. RUPERT HUGHES makes a mistaken claim for sympathy in "The Bridge." In these days of highly paid and short-houred labor the appeal for the down-trodden workingman does not rouse the feeling that it might have before organization and the increase in labor-saving machinery placed the laboring man in conditions to be envied by clerks, salesmen and even a good many professional men. The basis of the play is the resolution of a young bridge-building engineer that the corporation for whom he is working shall give the men under him increased wages. This does not appeal strongly to any one who knows anything about bridge-builders' rates of pay. The author's resentment against calling out the militia to deal with strikers who are on the point of using dynamite to destroy property, also fails to convince. All this, of course, is tied up to a plot involving the love fortunes of the bridge-engineer and the capitalist's daughter, which works out satisfactorily in the end.

One act is made sensational by an elaborate setting showing a big steel bridge in process of construction. It doesn't add much to the play as drama, but is impressive and strains

the possibilities of stage mechanics to the utmost. Mr. Hughes is at his best in the society depictions and comedy scenes. His work is interpreted by a competent company headed by Mr. Guy Bates Post, a sincere and straightforward actor, on whose abilities the part of the engineer makes slight demands.

"The Bridge" is fairly amusing. It would gain a stronger grip on the public if it chose for its sympathy a class more cruelly down-trodden than the skilled mechanic in America to-day.



**R**EALLY to enjoy Mr. Channing Pollock's "Such a Little Queen," you must leave outside the theatre your sense of practicality and clothe yourself in a mood of credulity and be ready to believe that the fantastic is real. You will find the surroundings of his story sufficiently matter-of-fact, but the author's people and what they do are outside the ken of most of us.

Mr. Pollock takes the pains to assure us that kings in exile have been compelled to live like commoners by quoting on the programme historical precedents, notably those of Louis Philippe and Napoleon III. Even this does not lend verisimilitude to the spectacle of a banished queen cooking chops in a Harlem flat and wearing her coronation robes while she does it because she has only one street gown, which she has to save to wear in the business office where she is employed. If, though, you have left in you any capacity for romance, and will yield yourself to the author's fancy, you will find "Such a Little Queen"—despite its rather childish title—a bit of fantasy with much unusual charm. Instead of following Mr. Hope's example and taking his modern hero to a medieval kingdom, he brings his royalties to America where their medieval ceremoniousness receives scant reverence. It is this incongruity which supplies a large part of the comedy of the piece, and the author has supplemented it with a number of original and cleverly humorous lines.

The charm of the play lies in a vein of old-fashioned sentiment that runs through it and is made credible by Elsie Ferguson who, as the brave little exiled queen of Herzogovina, bucks up pluckily and cheerily against adverse circumstances. She is charming in speech and person. More than this, she shows very considerable emotional ability, and makes it evident that she is an artist with a



ELSIE FERGUSON IN "SUCH A LITTLE QUEEN"

future that must be reckoned with. Her work is admirably aided by that of Mr. Frank Gillmore, who is that remarkable exception, a leading juvenile manly and without affectations. The rest of the cast is competent and the performance is a smooth one.

"Such a Little Queen" is clean and agreeable amusement.



The Hippodrome is open again with an entirely new bill and many new wonders and sensational features which will be described at greater length later on.



Do you delight in gold-braided uniforms and the semblance of military and naval life? If you do not insist that these shall be American, you will find the British aspect of them done with apparent fidelity in "The Flag Lieutenant" at the Criterion. There is also much popping of rifles and other warlike realism incidental to a play written evidently to fit the times in England. It isn't

much of a play, taken simply as a play, and is rather British for a stage which has of late come to a very thorough realization that America contains plenty of dramatic material of interest to Americans. It makes opportunity for Mr. Bruce McRae's breezy personality and acting, gives a chance of which Mr. Francis Carlyle avails himself with credit and rather wastes the artistic abilities of Isabel Irving.

"The Flag Lieutenant" is a trifle too English for Broadway.

It is meet that LIFE should record a word of remembrance for the late Clyde Fitch. Before fame and competence came to him as a dramatist—in fact, before he had chosen the calling which was to give him both—he was a contributor of graceful verse to these columns. For a man of his years he had accomplished much. To the public there is left the knowledge and enjoyment of his work. To those who knew him then remains the memory of an accomplished, refined and amiable gentleman.

Metcalfe.

### Mixed

**L**ITTLE JOHNNY attended church and heard a spirited political sermon. At dinner the same day after one of his unusual quiet spells he exclaimed:

"Pa, what are we, any way, Republicans or Presbyterians?"



A RECENT DISCOVERER HAS DIFFICULTY IN FINDING OUT WHICH WAY THE WIND BLOWS.



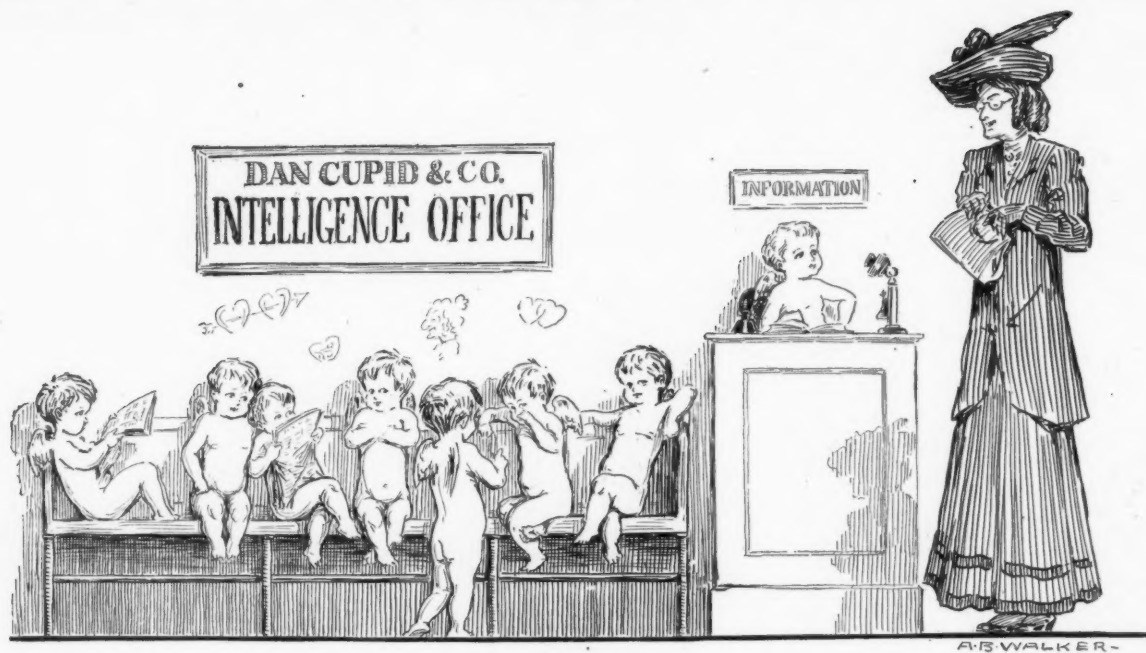
FOUR MORE VOTER HER

Cook: YE'LL VOTE LIKE I VOTE—YOU HE YOUN  
"MERCIFUL HEAVENS! AND THE VAN-ME EXPE





E VOTER HER CANDIDATE  
E—YOU YOUNG LEDDIES—OR I'LL QUIT YE.  
THE VAN- EXPECTED ON THURSDAY!"



HELP WANTED

## Life's Literary Trust

WE have been compelled to adopt the following rules:

I. All literature shall be measured by the foot.

II. The price shall be one dollar per foot, except in the case of ex-Presidents, captains of industry or their representatives, hunters of big game and aviators. In the case of others, name of the author will count seventy-five per cent., text twenty per cent., ideas five per cent. New authors will positively not be tolerated.

III. No novel shall be sold for less than \$2.00, nor shall it consist of more than 150 small-sized pages printed in large type. Where a book is to be read by more than one member of a family then the price shall be \$1.00 for each additional member.

IV. There shall be no libraries. Any one caught giving away a library will be deported as an alien. Nor shall books be lent. Infractions of this rule will be punished by fine and imprisonment.

V. No literature shall live longer than one season.

VI. Authors will be paid half in deferred stock and half in cash. The object of this is to encourage thrift among a notoriously improvident class.

VII. Each adult in the community

shall subscribe for at least ten magazines per annum and buy at least six standard novels per week. Children between the ages of twelve and four, five magazines and three novels. Children under four, all the works of Mother Goose and the parodies thereof.

VIII. All cases of dispute between our trust and a consumer must be referred to our Interstate Literary Commission, which we have appointed for that purpose. All costs of such proceeding shall be paid by the consumer.

IX. Employees of the trust shall not be allowed to organize (we will attend to that), ask for higher wages, get married or have children. In the interest of the general welfare LIFE's Trust will employ no child younger than two.

X. No novel, verse, essay, editorial, news item, short story or other article of writing shall treat of anything serious nor in any way attempt to better the condition of the community. Nor shall any author speak disrespectfully nor in a jocular vein of any member of this trust, his heirs or assigns, ancestors, relatives or neighbors. Editorial writers are particularly cautioned against discussing current events.

XI. All competitors will be severely dealt with. In the first place, they will

be absorbed. In the second place, they will be blacklisted from earning a livelihood. In the third place, they will be vigorously denounced by LIFE's corps of preachers.

XII. All ideas gleaned from any of our literature will be charged for extra.

From time to time new rules will be promulgated as occasion demands. In case of doubt, write to us and be on the safe side. Ignorance of what we want will excuse no author or other misdeed.

The money is still coming in, but not fast enough. Send it at once, bank draft, money order, cash or stamps.



TWO SOULS WITH BUT A SINGLE THOUGHT



"MADAME, ACCEPT THESE FLOWERS AS AN EMBLEM OF MY ETERNAL AFFECTIONS  
—THEY ARE ARTIFICIAL AND WILL LAST FOREVER."

### Manners?

WOULD it be too much of a strain upon our Government resources to appoint a commission for the preservation of manners?

There has been such a commission organized for the preservation of our forests. Forests are undoubtedly natural resources, and ought to be preserved.

But so are manners. They constitute one of the most powerful assets of a great people.

At present our manners are being ruthlessly cut down and destroyed by

many depredators; and among these are some of our best people.

It is a mistake to suppose that the highest morality is necessary for the preservation of a State. What is termed honesty is merely a defensive measure used by communities to protect them from certain individuals who either do not rob enough, or if they do rob enough do it in such a candid way that it deserves to be chastised. Every crime known in the calendar is openly practiced by individuals, not only in perfect freedom, but under the protection of the State. Mill owners and heads of industries rob the people by bribing legislators to keep up a tariff. They kill the people in their employ by the sweat-shop process, by mine and factory work, or in a thousand other ways. Among fashionable women every form of the lie is practiced with the utmost skill and abandon. In brief, morality, as such, is openly violated by every one at all times, without the slightest tremor, and it has not the remotest effect upon what is termed progress.

But with manners it is different. To be polite and sympathetic and solicitous when you are robbing your neighbor is a necessity. There are too many instances of forgetfulness in this respect. Our manners need looking into. And the thing cannot be done too soon.

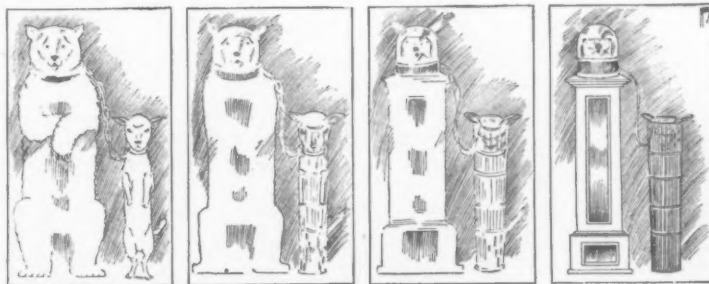
### Obliging Cocher

"ALTHOUGH he overcharged me terribly," says the returned traveler, "the cab-driver who took me over Paris was most polite."

"All Frenchmen are," we observe.

"Yes, but this one got off his box and helped me find the necessary profanity in my French-English dictionary, so that I might say what I thought of him."

THE IDEAL WIFE: A bit of chimerical imagery that presides over the other man's coffee pot.



A WALL STREET EVOLUTION





## Battle of Bostontown

Constructively to right of them,  
Allegorically to left of them,  
Metaphorically in front of them

The imaginary instruments of war constructively thundered;

It was theirs to cogitate upon the reason why,  
So that they might differentiate between those  
who should constructively die  
And those who, constructively overwhelmed,  
should fly—

Otherwise, some responsible head might have blundered.

Honor, mathematically, the charge they made,  
Euclid's theorems for the part they played,  
While the differential calculus and logarithms in  
mines constructively laid

Detonated and left the ranks constructively  
sundered—

Subtracted from the constructive jaws of death,  
Letting "x" equal the theoretical jaws of per-  
dition,

The problem is to solve the equation trigono-  
metrically,

And we shall have the remainder of the six  
hundred constructively.

—W. D. Nesbit in *Chicago Evening Post*.



THE FLIGHT BROTHERS ARE RETURNING TO AMERICA  
—News Item.

## M'sieu Bleriot

Ze wind at Dover blow vair bad,  
An' blow more at Calais,  
But Bleriot, he no get mad  
An' sail annoder day;  
He laugh lak zees—ha, ha, ho, ho!  
For he ees bold—M'sieu Bleriot.

He crank ze airsheep up so tight  
She go lak zees: "Squeek, squeek!"  
An' zen he start her on her flight—  
An' sail what you call sleeck;  
Ze beeg waves jomp down dere below,  
But nevair fears M'sieu Bleriot.

He sail ze air lak som' beeg bird,  
An' smoke ze cigarette;  
'Fraid-cats?—he knows no such a word;  
He ees brave man, you bet!  
Ze Rosbifs stand, wiz mouf wide, so,  
To see our M'sieu Bleriot.

When ozzair lips an' ozzair hearts  
Shall praise our Veelbure Reet,  
Our new airsheeps shall play zair parts  
By sailing, oh, so fleet!  
Ze cheek of La Belle France shall glow  
Wiz pride for M'sieu Bleriot.

—*Denver Republican*.

## Why Patrick Henry Said It

An Indian boy at Hampton wrote the fol-  
lowing in a composition on Patrick Henry:  
"Patrick Henry was not a very bright boy. He  
had blue eyes and light hair. He got married  
and then said, 'Give me liberty or give me  
death!'"—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

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The Three Indispensable Toilet Articles

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Creme—"Eleto"  
"Eleto" Toilet Water



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Leading  
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To be sure you are getting the genuine

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(THE FASTENER WITH A BULL DOG GRIP)



Look carefully for name  
**Washburne stamped  
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your protection against a  
**poor infringement,** the  
perpetrators of which are  
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uine Washburne Fasteners  
are "**Little But Never  
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They are the greatest little  
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• LIFE •

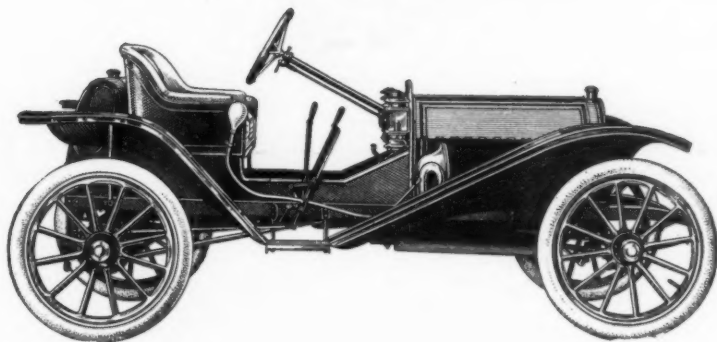
# From Coast to Coast

everybody says the same thing about the

## *Hupmobile*

4 cylinders  
20 H. P.  
Sliding gears  
Bosch magneto

# \$750



## “The smartest and the best little car ever marketed in America at anything like the money”

What people are saying in this community about the Hupmobile they are saying in every other community from coast to coast.

No other car has ridden so quickly into widespread popular approval.

Everybody has a good word for the Hupmobile—and nobody can find any room for criticism.

It is the first small car ever built in this country that is in every way as good as the most expensive large car.

It is the first small car ever built in this country possessing real dash and individuality in design.

Most small cars are makeshifts in material, in construction and in design—the Hupmobile is just as good in proportion and just as smart in appearance as the finest big car.

If it were a large car, we could not afford to make it so good.

And you can be absolutely certain, if you see a larger car advertised at an approximate price, that the manufacturer has skimmed somewhere—either in material or workmanship.

A finer or better power plant you will not find in any car. Other engines are larger, but none is built of better materials or with more careful workmanship.

The ignition equipment is the Bosch high tension magneto—the same as supplied on the costly large cars. And the Hupmobile is the

**ONLY** small car equipped with this world famous magneto without extra charge.

It is the same way throughout—in the sturdy strength of the axles; the pressed steel frame; the noiseless sliding gears—there is not a single point on which just criticism can be made.

If you can afford to maintain two cars—one of them should by all means be a Hupmobile.

And if you do put a Hupmobile in your garage alongside of your big car, you will find that involuntarily you will turn to it ten times to the once you use the larger one.

On the other hand, if you can have but one car, the Hupmobile's obvious advantages—low first cost and low cost of maintenance—will appeal to you all the more strongly.

Get in touch at once with the Hupmobile dealer nearest you and write for the literature.

On the Brighton Beach track, August 27, the \$750 Hupmobile defeated two S. P. O. French cars listing at \$2,100; one Allen-Kingston \$3,000, and one Mitchell, \$2,000, in the six hour race, covering 226 miles.

### SPECIFICATIONS:

**ENGINE**—4 cyl., 20 H. P.,  $3\frac{1}{4}$  in. bore,  $3\frac{3}{8}$  in. stroke; water cooled; offset crank shaft; fan bladed fly wheel in front; Parsons white bronze bearings; noiseless cam shaft.

**TRANSMISSION**—Selective sliding gears, shifting without noise.

**CLUTCH**—Multiple disc type, running in oil.

**REAR AXLE**—Shaft drive.

**BRAKES**—Two foot and two emergency (internal expanding) lined with Thermoid on rear hubs.

**IGNITION**—Bosch high tension magneto.

**TIRES**—30x3 inches.

**WHEEL BASE**—86 inches.

**TREAD**—56 inches.

**SPRINGS**—Semi-elliptical front, patented cross spring rear.

**EQUIPMENT**—Two side and tail oil lamps, dragon horn, tools, repair kit, pump.

**WEIGHT**—1100 pounds, regular equipment.

HUPP MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DEPT. J DETROIT, MICHIGAN

# Perrier

French Natural  
Sparkling Table Water

For palates and digestions  
tired by the use of arti-  
ficial waters **PERRIER**  
is a refreshing discovery.  
Pure and delicate—spark-  
ling with its own natural gas



79



## Learned It by Ear

The dear little girl then arose, bowed, and re-  
cited it in this manner:

"Lettuce Denby up N Dewing,  
Widow Hartford N. E. Fate;  
Still H. E. Ving still per Sue Wing,  
Learn to label Auntie Waite."

Then, with the tumultuous applause of the  
audience ringing in her ears, she sat down  
in happy confusion.—*Chicago Tribune*.

## Better Stick to the Bench

A colored man was brought before a Police  
Judge charged with stealing chickens. He  
pleaded guilty and received sentence, when the  
Judge asked how it was he managed to lift those  
chickens right under the window of the owner's  
house when there was a dog loose in the yard.

"Hit wouldn't be no use, Judge," said the  
man, "to try to 'splain dis thing to yo'-all. Ef  
you was to try it you like as not would get yer  
hide full of shot an' get no chickens, nuther.  
Ef yo' want to engage in any rascality, Judge,  
yo' better stick to de bench, whar yo' am  
familiar."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

## A Family Affair

Willie, a little country boy, six years of age,  
was taken one Sunday night to a large city  
church, where he saw for the first time a vested

choir. To his mother's surprise and gratification,  
he not only kept wide awake, but seemed greatly  
interested in every part of the service. At its  
close he turned to her and said, "I like this  
church, it is so nice to watch the preacher when  
he comes out with all his wives in their night-  
gowns."—*Harper's Magazine*.

## Sold

"It makes you look small," said the sales-  
lady to the elephantine woman who was trying  
on a hat.

Sold!

"It makes you look plump," she said to the  
cold, attenuated damsel.

Sold!

"It makes you look young," she said to the  
fair, fat, and forty female.

Sold!

"It makes you look older," she said to the  
slate-and-sums miss.

Sold!

"It makes you look short," she said to the  
lamppost lady.

Sold!

"It brings out your color," she said to the  
feminine ghost.

Sold!

And, of course, all the hats were exactly  
alike.—*Sketch*.

"In a Pinch use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE."

## Bad News for Our Doctors

"And now that you are finished with college,  
what are you going to do?"

"I shall study medicine."

"Rather crowded profession already, isn't it?"  
"Can't help that. I shall study medicine, and  
those who are already in the profession will  
have to take their chances, that's all!"—*Pick-  
Me-Up*.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.: The four-season resort of the  
South. THE MANOR, the English-like Inn of Asheville.

## Didn't Care for Him

Little Eleanor's mother was an American,  
while her father was a German.

One day, after Eleanor had been subjected to  
rather severe disciplinary measures at the hands  
of her father, she called her mother into another  
room, closed the door significantly, and said:  
"Mother, I don't want to meddle in your busi-  
ness, but I wish you'd send that husband of  
yours back to Germany."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

Purity  
Age, Flavor,

THE LEADING  
CHARACTERISTICS OF

# HUNTER

BALTIMORE  
RYE



Sold at all first-class cafes  
and by jobbers.

WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.



# BROMO- SELTZER

CURES  
HEADACHES

10c, 25c, 50c, and \$1.00 Bottles.



It was related over a dinner-table the other  
night that when Max Beerbohm was about to step  
into G. B. Pshaw's shoes on the "Saturday,"  
and the delicate question of salary cropped up,  
somebody in authority said:

"Well, we have been paying Pshaw (—)  
guineas a week, but of course Mr. B., as you  
are comparatively a beginner, you could scarcely  
expect so much."

"Oh, indeed, but I shall want a bit more,"  
said Max, enthusiastically, "for whereas Pshaw  
had it all at his fingers' ends I've got to go  
through the fag of getting it all up!"—*Sporting  
Times*.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER  
"Its purity has made it famous"



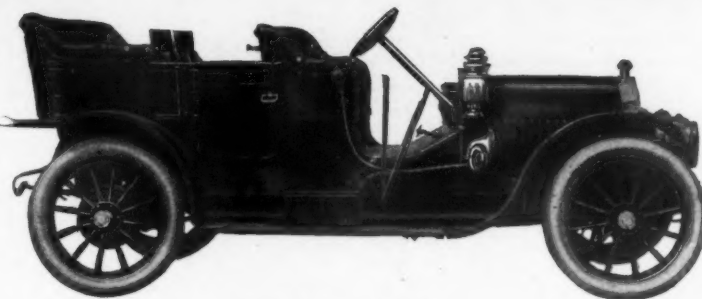
**The 1910 ELMORE Model 36**  
Supplied as

Five-passenger, four-cylinder  
Touring Car.

Four-Passenger, four-cylinder  
Detachable Demi-Tonneau.

Four cylinder Doctor's Coupe.

Four-cylinder Landaulet.



Model 46—\$2500

**The 1910 ELMORE Model 46**  
Supplied as

Seven-passenger, four-cylinder  
Touring Car.

Seven-passenger, four-cylinder  
Limousine.

**The ELMORE is the one car of which you can safely say: "To-morrow—or a year from to-morrow—it will run as finely as it did to-day."**

Do you realize that there are four or five thousand people (Elmore owners) in this country who know nothing whatever about the troubles you encounter in your four-cycle car—who never have known them?

Which leads to the pertinent question: What qualities do you especially seek and expect when you buy a car?

You are not merely looking for a car, are you, which will run? Certainly not.

You would like to, find, if you could, a car which is practically repair-proof; which you would not be compelled to build over, by replacing some vital part, every 30, 60 or 90 days; whose life would not be a single season, but an indefinite number of seasons; whose cost of maintenance would be practically *nil*.

But you realize the futility of seeking such a car in the four-cycle field; because you know that the principle of the four-cycle engine itself makes such certainty a mechanical impossibility. As long as you have valves and cams and springs and lifts and rollers with all their consequential troubles—just so long must you say to yourself: "Well, the car made to-day's trip beautifully—but how about to-morrow?"

It seems impossible to you that any car could be free from this element of uncertainty and mental strain—and yet every Elmore owner is *absolutely* free from it.

In the two 1910 models these qualities are developed to a point of absolute certitude—as no two-cycle motor and no other motor in the world has ever been developed.

Mark that statement and *verify* it—the 1910 Elmore has the simplest, the safest, the surest and the most economical motor in the world to-day; and an ignition system so perfect that you are actually not conscious of its presence in the car.

We mean this comparison to include *any* four-cycle engine—in the car you own, or plan to own—whether its price be the highest or the lowest.

Your own eyes will tell one-half the story when you inspect the two 1910 Elmore engines—the cleanest, simplest motors you have ever seen—with just three moving parts, and *all* the parts which make for trouble and expense completely eliminated.

The Model 36 four-cylinder Elmore is good at any time and all times for 50 miles an hour on the straightaway; develops a full 36 H. P.; will take a grade of 6 to 8 per cent. at 35 to 40 miles an hour—and sells for \$1750.00.

No car of its type and size at anything like the price will compare with it in performance and offer the same perfect immunity from trouble and expense.

Model 46 is the most perfect two-cycle motor the world has ever seen—because it incorporates an infallible system of gas distribution which supplies the one element which engineers have always agreed would make the Elmore engine the peer of any other in existence.

"We admit all your other superiorities over the four-cycle," they have said, "and if you add this tremendous advantage without the complication peculiar to the four-cycle type, all argument will be at an end."

All argument is at an end. Both 1910 models will overwhelm you with evidence of the four-cycle exasperations from which they set you free. The Model 46 (46 H. P. and a speed capacity of 60 miles an hour), compared with the costliest engines extant, will point out in the latter, by comparison, glaring deficiencies from which there is no escape.

If you are ready to make the most casual sort of investigation, a revelation awaits you in the 1910 Elmore which will make you revise all your ideas of automobile value.

Get in touch at once with your Elmore dealer and write for the 1910 literature.

**The  
Elmore  
Mfg. Co.**  
2904 Amanda St.  
Clyde, Ohio.

Send me the advance literature describing the 36 H. P. five-passenger Elmore valveless two-cycle car at \$1750, and the 46 H. P. seven-passenger Elmore at \$2500.

Name.....  
Address.....  
Town.....  
State.....

**THE ELMORE MANUFACTURING COMPANY**

2904 Amanda Street, Clyde, Ohio

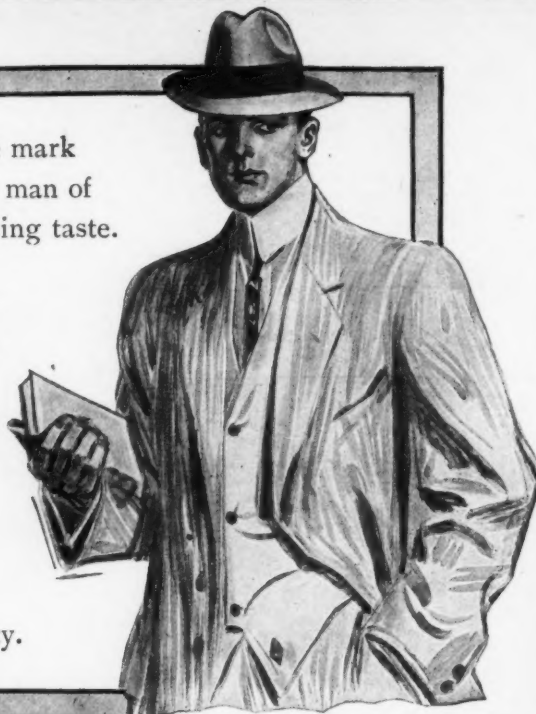
Member Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers



The Knox trade mark  
indicates the man of  
discriminating taste.

**Knox  
Hats**

Give the triple  
satisfaction of  
quality, style  
and durability.



#### To Loan or Not to Loan

Professor Lounsbury, doughty defender of the split infinitive, tells us that the conversion of the noun *loan* into a verb has aroused very many worthy persons "into a state of wrath hardly distinguishable from delirium."

We ourselves being slow to anger have always managed to maintain at least our outward calm upon encountering this use of the word. Richard Grant White held that it properly belonged in the vocabulary of the pawnbroker. Oliver Wendell Holmes regarded it as a colloquialism of "inland folks." That both are rebuked by Professor Lounsbury—the critic for his ignorance, the Autocrat for his sense of superiority—saddens rather than satisfies us. It is painful to have our idols smashed, and the author of "The Standard of Usage" is forever smashing them.

"This volume he has loaned frequently." We culled the sentence from critical comment in a journal distinguished for purity of diction, and were forthwith moved to write a letter to the editor. But, being of a cautious nature, we first took down from our own particular five-foot shelf "The Standard of Usage in English," only

to find that "the Scandinavian substantive *loan* was itself early used as a verb," and that it actually appears as such in an act of Parliament passed in 1542-43.

\* \* \*

In the face of such authority we proceed to re-educate our ear. To this end we make certain slight changes in lines more or less familiar to the bookish, and repeat them softly to ourselves—thus:

Friends, Romans, countrymen, *loan* me your ears.—Julius Caesar.

O Lord, that *loans* me life,  
*Loan* me a heart replete with thankfulness.

—King Henry VI.

*Loan*, *loan* your wings! I mount! I fly!

Oh, grave! where is thy victory?—Pope.

God in His mercy *loan* her grace.—Tennyson.

It really isn't so startling when one gets accustomed to it:

Heaven such grace did *loan* her.—Two Gentlemen of Verona.

He that hath pity upon the poor, *loaneth* unto the Lord.—Proverbs.

Before they *loan* an ear to this wild girl.

—Shelley's Cenci.

\* \* \*

What disheartens us in our endeavor to *loan* an impartial ear to pleas for *loan* as a verb is the poet's conspiracy against it. We cannot find it in Shakespeare. Even Shylock, in the "busi-

ness play," "The Merchant of Venice," says—in prose: "Is it possible a cur can lend 3,000 ducats?" The translators of the Bible, too, seem to have shared this prejudice. However, as Edward Everett Hale might have said, if we all *loan* a hand there is no telling what may be done to overcome our pet aversions.

W. T. Larned.

#### Misleading

The titles of books are so often misleading. We remember right well a boy, nourished on Captain Marryat, Gaboriau and Fenimore Cooper, who spent his last cent on a paper edition of Victor Hugo's "History of a Crime," expecting to wallow in something really worth while. Let us hope that no one with a taste for humorous tales will be beguiled into buying a recent book entitled "The Behavior of Noddy and Sooty Terns." It isn't a "character sketch," or a comic story of life in the Arkansas backwoods,

The Voice of Reason  
"Drink it for  
Health and  
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or even a tale of naughty children. It's a contribution to ornithology.

#### A Different Thing

Of ready wit, the Archbishop of Canterbury is a great example. He was going in with a number of other clergymen to luncheon after some great ecclesiastical function, when an unctuous dignitary observed. "Now to put a bridle on our appetites!"

Quick as lightning the Archbishop retorted: "Say, rather, now to put a bit between your teeth."—Pathfinder.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS  
**Cortez CIGARS**  
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Now ready, 1909 edition of the famous "Richard's Poor Almanack," the hit of 1908. Beautifully bound and illustrated humorous book. Sent for 10c. Address White Rock, Flatiron Bldg., New York City.





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## Rhymed Reviews

### Marriage a la Mode

(By Mrs. Humphry Ward.—Doubleday,  
Page & Co.)

There isn't any question that  
Miss Daphne Floyd (excuse the diction)  
Was quite as mean a little cat  
As ever played a part in fiction.

Her father hailed from Erin's glades,  
Her mother hailed from Buenos Ayres,  
And thus a type of Yankee maids  
She was, endowed by all the fairies.

Now Roger Barnes from England came,  
As handsome as the young Apollo;  
His eye was blue, his blood the same  
His curly head was pretty hollow.

They met. The wooing sped apace.  
They wed, assuming all the chances—  
She, him, because she liked his face,  
He, her, to rescue his finances.

Ah, well! before five years were done  
Her fancied wrongs had reached their quota;  
Across the sea she fled and won  
A nice divorce in South Dakota.

But while her marriage bond was straw  
Which Yankee craft was quick to sever,  
Poor Roger, bound by English law,  
Was married just as much as ever!

And so he drank and knocked about  
And wrecked his health with rapid living;  
Repentant Daphne sought him out  
To find him dying, unforgiving.

And thus we leave the pair in gloom,  
"Exhibit A" against divorces,  
With Roger ready for the tomb  
And Daphne learning what Remorse is.

The moral isn't wholly clear:  
To me it seems the book was written  
To prove divorce too easy here—  
And much too difficult in Britain.

Arthur Guiterman.

"What did your European trip cost you?"  
"Two hundred and fifty dollars in tips and a  
few incidental traveling expenses."—Chicago  
Tribune.

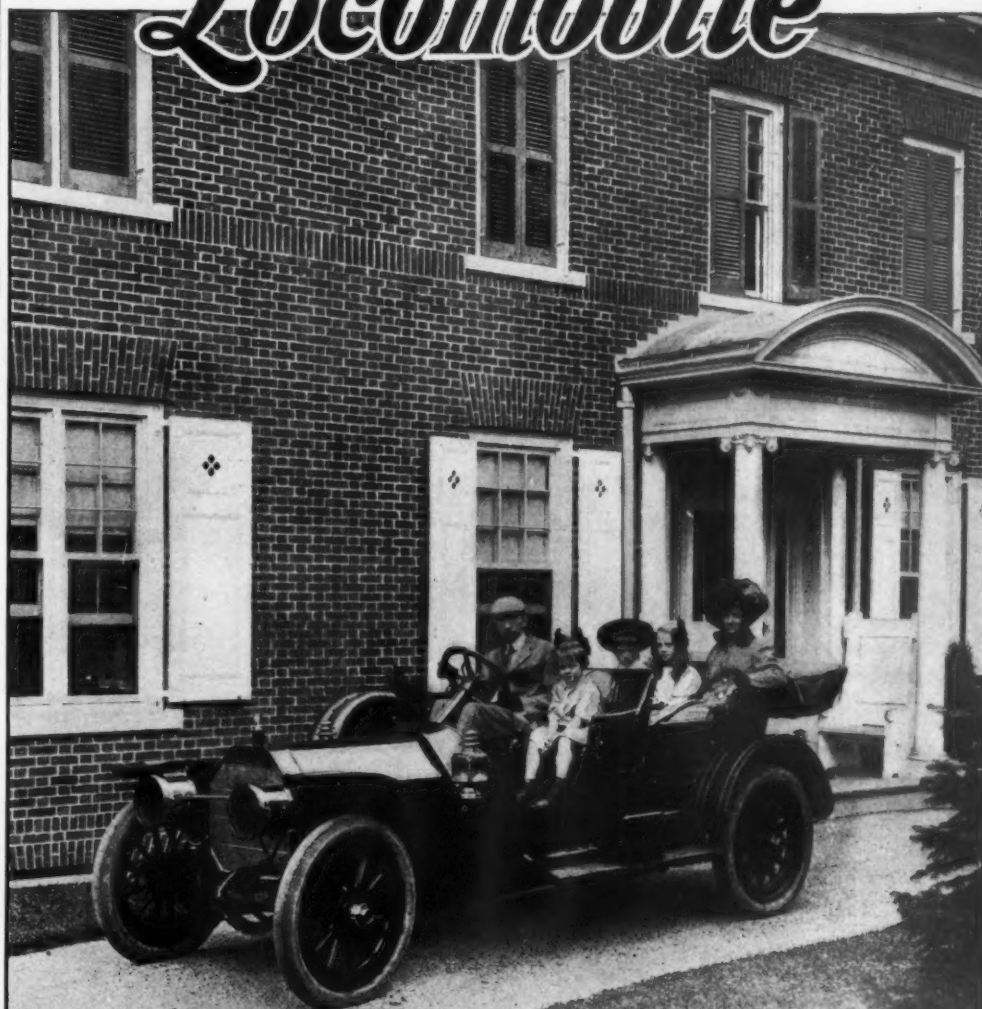
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### Love vs. Business Letters

Just before the late election, John D. Archbold, of the Standard Oil Company, confided to an intimate friend that he was, in a certain sense, in the same boat with a mother who had a "little dear" by the name of Willie.

"One day," said Mr. Archbold, "the mother missed her little boy. When he showed up again, she inquired:

"Where have you been, Willie?"

"Playing postman," replied her son. "I gave a letter to all the houses in our road. Real letters, too."

"Where on earth did you get them?" questioned the mother.

"They were those old ones in your wardrobe drawer, tied up with a blue ribbon," was the innocent reply."—Judge.

## CLARK'S CRUISES AROUND THE WORLD

by S. S. "Cleveland," 18,000 tons, brand new, Oct. 16, '09, from N. Y., and Feb. 5, '10, from Frisco, \$650 and up.  
12th Annual Orient Cruise, Feb. 5, '10, \$400 up, by Lloyd S. S. "Grosser Kurfuers," 73 days, including 24 days in Egypt and Palestine.  
FRANK C. CLARK, Times Building, New York.

## Mosaic Poetry

As a gleaming for the curious, I copy from one of my old scrapbooks of thirty years ago a poem entitled "Mosaic Poetry": J. M.

I only knew she came and went  
Like troutlets in a pool;  
She was a phantom of delight,  
And I was like a fool.

Lowell.  
Hood.  
Wordsworth.  
Eastman.

"One kiss, dear maid," I said, and  
sighed,  
"Out of those lips unshorn."  
She shook her ringlets round her  
head,  
And laughed in merry scorn.

Coleridge.  
Longfellow.  
Stoddard.  
Tennyson.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
You hear them, oh! my heart?  
'Tis twelve at night, by the Castle  
clock,  
Beloved, we must part!

Tennyson.  
Alice Cary.  
Coleridge.  
Alice Cary.

"Come back! come back!" she cried  
in grief,  
"My eyes are dim with tears;  
How shall I live through all the days,  
All through a hundred years?"

Campbell.  
Bayard Taylor.  
Mrs. Osgood.  
T. S. Perry.

'Twas in the prime of summertime,  
She blessed me with her hand;  
We strayed together, deeply blest,  
Into the Dreaming land.

Hood.  
Hoyt.  
Mrs. Edwards.  
Cornwall.

The laughing bridal roses blow  
To dress her dark, brown hair.  
No maiden may with her compare,  
Most beautiful, most rare!

Patmore.  
Bayard Taylor.  
Brailsford.  
Read.

I clasped it on her sweet, cold hand,  
The precious golden link:  
I calmed her fears, and she was calm,  
"Drink, pretty creature, drink!"

Browning.  
Smith.  
Coleridge.  
Wordsworth.

And so I won my Genevieve,  
And walked in Paradise;  
The fairest thing that ever grew  
Atween me and the skies.

Coleridge.  
Hervy.  
Wordsworth.  
Osgood.

—Boston Transcript.



"WHO'S YOUR FRIEND?"  
"HE'S NO FRIEND OF MINE."

The Best Bitter Liqueur

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### Behind in the Hauling

A backwoodsman from Tennessee came to New York City for the first time. He stopped at a Broadway hotel which is pretty well downtown.

Next morning his nephew, who lives in New York, came to take him out and show him the sights. They walked down Broadway until they got to Canal Street. The Tennessean stopped and contemplated the great congestion of traffic there, hundreds of trucks going every way.

"Son," he said to his nephew, "you have a nice city here, but it 'pears to me that your folks is a hull passel behind in their haulin'."—Saturday Evening Post.

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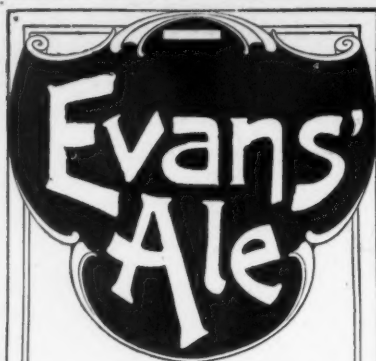


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TO EDITOR OF LIFE:

A certain court of inquiry has just adjourned and given out its verdict to the world at large. Its inquest was a complete failure, not only from the plaintiff's point of view but from the world's. It found out nothing of any value to the general public, and backed up its fellow men "nobly" in their findings in the same case at a previous investigation, an investigation into the loss of a human life, lost during a bloody fight of four men against one, where revolvers figured in nearly every hand; a verdict which was brought in in less than twenty minutes, figuratively speaking.

Actuated by a false "sense of honor," the second court upholds the first in the fact of national disapproval and unqualified partiality. They have by their actions and "Scotch verdict" brought a stain not only on the nation as a whole, but on our garb of Justice. It is a stain



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IT'S A PENNSYLVANIA  
STRAIGHT WHISKEY,  
BOTTLED IN BOND.

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of dark color, but can, by national effort and opinion, be removed.

LIFE, you deal with things in life as they are and ought to be; why not add another worthy cause to your list of endeavors, like your superb fight against vivisection?

Pray give this case of international importance your most earnest attention. Fight, as only you can fight, for him who now lies resting in the grave, powerless to clear his name of the stench thrust upon it; whose lips are sealed in a sleep too deep, too sacred for us here on earth to awaken.

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LANGDON GILLET.

BALTIMORE, Md., August 20, 1909.

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The strong feature of "Success Magazine" is that its difference is wholly in favor of the reader.

It is different because it does what no other magazine has attempted to do, in the fields of politics, society, and morality. Its constant effort is to uplift the American home—and in doing this it has to stand with ceaseless vigilance between the home and the enemies of the home.

For these reasons the story of "Success Magazine" is in part the story of a continuous warfare against the powers that prey, and in that warfare it has made a national record of

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It bruised the iron-shod heel of Cannonism. It burst the "Wireless Telegraph Bubble." It turned the spot-light of publicity on the "Indecent Stage." It drove the Investment Sharks into hiding. It inaugurated the "People's Lobby" at Washington to watch for legislation hostile to public interests. It has stimulated the Church to confront the problems that menace its authority and integrity. In a hundred ways it has spent time, money and effort to protect the home from pirates and parasites, plunderers and bloodsuckers.

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Between the lines, in the advertising pages of "Success Magazine," is written the story of the struggle which "Success" has made for the square deal for the home. Not an advertisement is printed that has not been under the X-ray of severest scrutiny, so that subscribers may be protected from fraud or misstatement. In proof of this minute censorship, every printed advertisement has behind it the guarantee of "Success Magazine" against loss to its 200,000 subscribers of record.

To keep the advertisements up to the guaranteed standard means a great sacrifice of patronage and profits to the magazine, but a great gain in public confidence.

"Success Magazine" has grown better and better with every issue. The October number is the greatest in its history.

It contains the opening chapters of Le Roy Scott's great serial, "The Shears of Destiny," a tale of love and adventure, of passion and peril, of faith and falsehood, that carries the reader away as with a flood. It has no equal in romantic interest since "The Prisoner of Zenda," no counterpart in thrilling adventure since "Treasure Island."

Beyond this the magazine is packed from cover to cover with fascinating stories, inspiring and instructive articles, and laugh-provoking humor. It is the best magazine at its best.

Get the October Number of "Success Magazine" and see the greatness achieved by a magazine unclassified



# LIFE.



## SPARKS FROM OLD ANVILS

### The Two Women of Different Ages Beloved by the Middle-Aged Man

That the men, under all circumstances, are preyed upon by the women, whether they love or are beloved, *this* truly we learn from examples.

A Woman, not devoid of grace, held enthralled a certain Man of middle age, concealing her years by the arts of the toilet: A lovely Young Creature, too, had captivated the heart of the same person. Both, as they were desirous to appear of the same age with him, began, each in her turn, to pluck out the hair of the Man. While he imagined that he was made trim by the care of the women, he suddenly found himself bald; for the Young Woman had entirely pulled out the white hairs, the Old Woman the black ones.—"The Fables of Phaedrus."

### Concerning the Editor

An editor is a male being whose buzziness it is to navigate a newspaper. He writes editorials, grinds out poetry, inserts deaths and weddings, and sorts out manescripts, keeps a waste-basket, blows the devil, steals matter, fites other people's battles and sells his paper for a dollar and fifty cents a year, takes white beans and apple saas for pay when he can get it, raises a large family, and works nineteen hours out of every twenty-four, knows no Sunday, gets damned by everybody, and once in a while whipped by somebody, lives poor, dies middle-aged and often broken-hearted, leaves no money, is rewarded for a life of toil with a very short free obituary puff in the newspapers.—"Josh Billings" (Henry W. Shaw), in "Every Body's Friend."

### Opinion

'Twas a good fancy of an old Platonic. The gods, which are above man, had something whereof men did partake, an intellect, knowledge, and the gods kept on their course quietly. The beasts, which are below man, had something whereof man did partake, sense and growth, and the beasts lived quietly in their way. But man had something in him whereof neither gods nor beasts did partake, which gave him all the trouble, and made all the confusion in the world, and that is—opinion.—Selden's Table Talk.



"HEAR YOUR WIFE IS A GREAT HOUSEKEEPER, JUDGE."  
"GREAT HOUSEKEEPER! GEE, SHE CAN'T EVEN LAY A TABLE!"

## WEDDING CAKE

### IN HANDSOME, RIBBONED GIFT BOXES.

Sent anywhere and guaranteed. Old English recipe we have used 38 years. Brides' cakes, birthday cakes. Beautifully illustrated booklet shows styles and prices. Write for it. Est. 1871.

REBBOLI SONS CO., 449 Main St., Worcester, Mass.

### Marriage

Marriage is nothing but a civil contract. 'Tis true, 'tis ordained of God: so is every other contract. God commands me to keep it when I have made it.—From Selden's "Table-Talk, 1654.

(Continued on page 394)



### Tried—Acquitted—Commended—Immortalized!

When Flaubert's "Madame Bovary" appeared, France was in an uproar. Praise alternated with blame. The State sued him, charging his work "an offense against Public Morals." Flaubert was tried, acquitted, and today is recognized the world over as France's foremost master of fiction.

Madame Bovary, written when Flaubert was about thirty years of age, was undertaken with the determination to write a book with which he should be, — not satisfied, for what author worthy of the name is ever satisfied? but which should come as near perfection as possible. The very ideal of the literary artist is here evoked before our inward gaze: the absolute, the irremediable scorn of contemporary success, the contempt for vanity, the complete absence of all desire for gain, — these elementary virtues of the great author are naturally found there, as well as the scrupulous conscience which no difficulty discourages, and the invincible patience which no beginning over again ever wearies; and especially and everywhere the flame, the sacred fever of creative intellect. Never was human brain possessed by more passionate frenzy for art; and in saying that all Flaubert's great works were composed in the same way, with this prodigious care in detail, this implacable search for truth and beauty, this zeal and tenacity, it is plain why in thirty years of this exhausting work, he composed so few volumes, and these of such virile composition, of such sovereign mastery of style, that all other modern works seem slight, cowardly, and incomplete beside them.

The writings of Gustave Flaubert are so original, daring, truthful yet imaginative, that they cannot be weighed or judged by other standards. Being original, he has served as a model for many, but Flaubert remains Flaubert — individual and inimitable, the peer of the foremost writers of France.

Flaubert's Works are a delicious revelry, a feast of faultless characterization, exquisite diction, and so illuminative, harmonic, virile, that the reader reads and re-reads with ever increasing pleasure. To the healthy student of human nature, the absolute frankness and utter scorn of the conventional appeals with irresistible force and conviction. His thoughts breed thought. While his writings may glow with the purple flame of passion, the grossness is burned out by the purifying fire of truth — and led by the magic of his genius, one goes back and back and back, into the ages, and re-lives the life which, but for him, had been buried in oblivion.

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### Books Received

The Men of the Mountain, by S. R. Crockett. (Harper & Bros. \$1.50.)

The White Prophet, by Hall Caine. (D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.)

Pa Flickinger's Folks, by Bessie R. Hoover. (Harper & Bros. \$1.00.)

The Hungry Heart, by David Graham Phillips. (D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.)

Along the Way, by William W. Canfield. (R. F. Fenno & Co. \$1.50.)

As It Happened, by Ashton Hilliers. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.)

True Tolda, by A. T. Quiller-Couch. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.)

Sixpenny Pieces, by A. Neil Lyons. (John Lane Co. \$1.50.)

Seekers in Sicily, by Elizabeth and Anne Hoyt. (John Lane Co. \$1.50.)

Happy Hawks, by Robert Alexander Wason. (Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.50.)

Laurus Nobilis, by Vernon Lee. (John Lane Co. \$1.50.)

Marriage as a Trade, by Cicely Hamilton. (Moffat, Yard & Co. \$1.25.)

The Confessions of a Con Man—As Told by Will Irwin. (R. W. Huebsch. \$1.00.)

Fore! The Call of the Links, by W. Hastings Webbing. (H. M. Caldwell Co. 75 cents.)

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- Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.
- Knowledge a Mother Should Have.
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## Sparks

(Continued from page 393)

### What Every Woman Should Know

Sir Anthony Absolute: It is not to be wondered at, Ma'am,—all this is the natural consequence of teaching girls to read. Had I a thousand daughters, by Heavens! I'd as soon have them taught the black art as their alphabet!

Mrs. Malaprop: Nay, nay, Sir Anthony, you are an absolute misanthropy.

Sir Anthony Absolute: In my way hither, Mrs. Malaprop, I observed your niece's maid coming forth from a circulating library!—She had a book in each hand—they were half-bound volumes, with marbled covers!—From that moment I guess'd how full of duty I should see her mistress!

Mrs. Malaprop: Those are vile places, indeed!

Sir Anthony Absolute: Madam, a circulating library in a town is, as an evergreen tree, of diabolical knowledge!—It llossoms through the year!—And depend on it, Mrs. Malaprop, that they who are so fond of handling the leaves, will long for the fruit at last.

Mrs. Malaprop: Well, but Sir Anthony, your wife, Lady Absolute, was fond of books.

Sir Anthony Absolute: Aye—and injury sufficient they were to her, Madam—but were I to chuse another helpmate, the extent of her erudition should consist in knowing her simple letters, without their mischievous combinations;—and the summit of her science be—her ability to count as far as twenty.—The first, Mrs. Malaprop, would enable her to work A. A. upon my linen;—and the latter would be quite sufficient to prevent her giving me a Shirt, No. 1, and a Stock, No. 2.

—Sheridan, "The Rivals," Act. I, sc. 2.

### Culture

The kind of people one sees at opera, listening with librettos, the kind of people who puff up mountains to see views and extract geography from them, the people one meets in the fields, nowadays, flower in one hand, botany in the other, the kind of people who have to have charts to enjoy stars with—these are the people who want librarians between them and their books. The more librarians they can get standing in a row between them and a masterpiece the more they feel they are appreciating it, the more card catalogues, gazetteers, dictionaries, derricks, and other machinery they can have pulling and hauling above their heads in a library the more literary they feel in it. They feel culture—somehow—stirring around them. They are

not exactly sure what culture is, but they feel that a great deal of it—whatever it is—is being poured over into them.—Gerald Stanley Lee—"The Lost Art of Reading."

### No Use Shifting the Blame

The youthful author pocketed his rejected verses, but he could not swallow the editor's criticism.

"Sir," said he, not without dignity, "a poet is born, not made."

"Young man," returned the editor blandly, "it won't help your case to try to shift the blame on to your parents!"—Ladies' Home Journal.

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# Are You a Suffragette?

Or, have you doubts on the subject?

Next week, we are pleased to  
announce, the question will  
be definitely settled.



To vote or not to vote.

LIFE's Suffragette Number, with a Colored Cover by Phillips, will be out at the usual time. Every woman in the land will welcome this scintillating addition to the Greatest Problem of the Age. Will our next President be a woman? Nobody will know until this number of LIFE is out.

Among other features may be noted a cartoon by Orson Lowell, a Man's Rights Movement, and a glorious galaxy of contemporaneous conviviality.

## COMING

*Hudson,* - - *Sept. 30*  
*Chorus Girl,* - *Oct. 7*  
*Spinsters,* - *Oct. 14*

*Great White Way,* *Oct. 21*  
*Midnight,* - - *Oct. 28*

## THE SIX FUNNIEST THINGS OF THE WEEK

Every day, from all over the world, there comes to this office a heterogeneous mass of contemporaneous literature, effervescent, evanescent, wise, witty, melancholy, mendacious, epigrammatic, spontaneous, eclectic, plagiaristic, pungent, perishable and permanent.

From this mass we shall select the six things which in our judgment are the funniest things we have seen for seven consecutive days. Some of these things may be very old—as far back as the days of Heraclitus. Others may have been floating around on the surface of periodicals for months or years. Others may be fresh from the mind of some recent writer. We shall not use them in the chronological order of their publication, but only in the order that they come under our personal observation, during these seven days. They will all be short—from a one-line epigram to a brief anecdote or colloquy.

We shall make no attempt to trace them back to the original source, but we shall credit them to the periodical from which they are taken. Where the author is known, we shall also give him credit.

Our method of selection will be by a process of elimination; that is, we will keep on sifting until we have only six funny things left. These six things will, in our combined judgment, be the six funniest things of the week. Each editor of this paper will have a vote.

The result will be published in each number of LIFE, for the benefit of our readers.



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this, or—



Like this?



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